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## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1856.

The PUBLICATION OFFICE of THE CRAYON is at the book-store of Mr. F. W. CHRISTERN, No. 763 Broadway. EDITOR'S OFFICE—No. 709½ Broadway.

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Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

## A CARD.

THE undersigned, owing to continued ill health, which makes the proper performance of his editorial duties impossible, is compelled to relinquish all literary labor for the present, and to resign the conducting of THE CRAYON to his colleague, Mr. Durand.

W. J. STILLMAN.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1856.

WHILE regretting the cause which deprives THE CRAYON of Mr. Stillman's services, its friends and subscribers may be assured that no change of purpose or plan will be made in carrying out the object for which this magazine was established. In undertaking its sole charge, and while this duty is imperative, it is the intention of the undersigned to conduct THE CRAYON with a view to the interests of ART as effectively as his resources, capacity, and judgment may enable him to do so.

J. DURAND.

## Sketchings.

## RELIGION AND ART IN THEIR PHILOSOPHICAL RELATIONS.

MUCH has been written on the relation of art to religion, with a view to clear up their mysterious connection and to point out the ties that bind the two together. Who that has written upon the subject has not based his views of the relation of the one to the other upon the "right of private judgment," instead of studying the mind of humanity as humanity has developed the two together? That there is a connection between religion and art is unquestionably true. At the very first dawn of conscience a religious instinct was born within the breast of man; a belief in a superior being grew in his heart, and a longing for perfection began to vitalize his energies. God, however, did not make himself known to man until he "awoke from his slumber." As soon as the voice of God was "heard" thus rendering the existence of God a feeling of conviction, not a visible object, man began to carve the image of God after his own ideal conception, so as to know it materially; he yearned to be ever in His presence, and the symbol growing out of his conception, he accordingly deified. This was the first rude but true art expression of religious feeling, and the compromise performance of an ignorant being. This principle seems to be that upon which rests the subsequent use and development of art and religion, and the key of their connection; it has been either varied, influenced or encouraged by theological brainwork. As man or nature grew—in this connection the same thing—idolatry was exhausted, and man rose to the comprehension of a spiritual being, banishing superstitious reverence for his own handiwork, and substituting relative emblems

therefor, going through, age after age, successive stages of polytheistic symbols to the actual realization of a pure spirit—a spirit in form, and that form, Christ. The form of the spirit being revealed, and the intellect perceiving the spirit's work, art consecrated both as its noblest purpose. Hence Christian art.

Let us illustrate this progress retrospectively. We have called and believe religious feeling to be instinctive. The first fashioning of an image and the temple to place it in, was in accordance with the intellectual perception and power of man to give as perfect a type of his idea of God, as he could, using himself and external nature to embody his conception. Many people conceived various ideas, polytheistic and monotheistic, and produced accordingly, various works. Those works more perfect than those that preceded them, resumed their spirit (the Roman Pantheon receiving all Gods), until the perfect type was produced, varying from the rude stone to the model statue, all resulting from true religious feeling, which gestated the birth of the first image or idol. Whenever this point has been arrived at in the history of a nation, that is—the production of the perfect type in accordance with its original religious instinct,—both the art and the religion typified by it have fallen, and another spiritual regeneration has taken place to gestate a new art. We think the operation of this principle can be summarily illustrated by mere reference to history. Assyrian religion and art fell together. Egyptian art culminated when the Jewish idea of the true spiritual God was born. The temple, the only art symbol of the Jews, was built, when the fire of true religion was active in their hearts, and it was sacked and destroyed at a period when the spirit of God no longer lived amongst them,—at the very acme of their formalism. Greek polytheism exhausted itself in the complete rendering of the form of man and woman, the sentiment of their statues and their conception of Deity being their own ideal of themselves. So went Heathen art and Jewish art, both religions becoming purely physical in practice, with this advantage to the Jewish that its religious instinct was the nobler.

Christ came to reveal the *true* religious instinct to man to subvert the results of former vicious beliefs, and to establish the living connection between the body and the spirit.

At Christ's advent, the superstitious reverence of man for symbols, together with the remains of polytheistic tendencies, was not, however, extinct, and a new art had accordingly to be born. Man began to symbolize his new religion in accordance with transmitted art feeling, but with more enlarged perceptions. He painted his religious feeling by painting the conception of Christ, he painted Christ's mother; he painted the events of his life; he painted the apostles; he painted the saints, all with the highest reverence, but more or less affiliated with Jewish or Pagan myths, until the intelligence of man outgrew the meaning of symbols as vitalized in the forms of the church; the artist then had embodied the highest ideal which could represent this instinctive religious feeling as the first

artist conceived it, when he made the first rude picture of Christ, animated by the church that stood in the name of Christ. In the fifteenth century that religion and that art which grew with it, culminated and fell, and its fall marked the end of an old art era. Man has been perseveringly clearing away the rubbish since for another spiritual regeneration.

A conviction is forced upon us that religious art is but idolatry to the superstitious nature of man, while it is eternal beauty to the reverential intelligence of humanity. All religious art has become perfected in its own types in proportion to the popular appreciation of and respect for its dogmatic significance. and when the mind of a nation or nations can be consecrated in united thought upon one deep sentiment of religion, the artist will exist to typify it. Then and not till then will there be another great art development. We are now preparing the ground for, perhaps actually planting, the seeds of that development. The elements of an art regeneration are doubtless at work. What its result will be no man can tell.

In regard to the demand upon the Art genius of our time, it would be unjust to require more than can be fairly expected from a purely transitional state of Art, seeing the absence of a concentrated spiritual impulse in the mind of the present generation, which is particularly applicable to our own nation, where there is no religion "of the entire human spirit;" we do not consequently hold the artist accountable for what his age does not suggest to him. We have good art, excellent art, honest and true art, and the same can be said of artists; but as man is simply an instrument in the hands of Providence let us wait until Providence through the mind of humanity speaks its highest thought—we shall then see it in the work of the artist. Accordingly, without demanding results judged of by impossible standards of excellence—born in the imagination—ideals only which may not be realized as the mind of to-day conceives them—it is the duty of the thoughtful to be temperate and encouraging, patient and hopeful, strong in the faith of development, rather than exacting performances beyond the capacity of the general intellect to appreciate, or a living, vital feeling, to sympathize with and animate.

## THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

We must again refer to Brown's Washington, in order to re-express the satisfaction it affords us to see a work of Art like this erected in the midst of our great metropolis. In our last Number we stated that this statue would be inaugurated on the Fourth of July. The inauguration took place accordingly, and the work was welcomed with all that enthusiasm which is ever excited by the name of Washington. The Rev. Dr. Bethune, in an eloquent address, presented the statue to the country, and to the citizens of New York as its guardians, in the name of the patriotic gentlemen, to whose liberality the country is indebted for it.

No ceremonies, however, no huzzas of a crowd, can fully express the significance of a

work of Art like this at the present time. It is almost the first public monument as yet erected upon the highways of our country, to reveal to the stranger that a beautiful spirit has passed over the land, leaving behind him the rare treasures of peace and plenty: it is the first recognition on a public thoroughfare of this happy result by those who enjoy its benefits through him; and it is the first proof in such a place presented to "good and faithful servants," that their countrymen are disposed to be grateful. Besides expressing a sentiment of love and gratitude in the national heart, this monument has a special significance to the artist. This, with one or two other works of a similar character in other parts of our country, are signs of a new era in our Art-world, important enough to warrant a hope that the enterprise of the few who interested themselves to erect this statue, will be imitated, and that here, as elsewhere, statues and monuments will be erected without number. So far as the public is concerned, suitable works of Art (by suitable, we mean works by competent artists, with no element of political jugglery appertaining thereto, to contaminate and mar their excellence,) are demanded of it, so as to establish a link with posterity; and to substantiate the existence of a patriotic spirit. There is no patriotism where the expression of it by a nation, does not "climb to a soul" in Art.

We would suggest to those who desire to study this statue as a work of Art, not to stand too near it. The effect can only be fully perceived at a moderate distance, far enough removed to take in the monument relieving upon a proper background. The best views as the statue now stands are those from a point where it relieves upon the sky, say, the walk in front of the Union Place Hotel, and from the side-walk on Union Park. Every view is good, for in no one respect is the spirit of the horse and the dignity of the rider less impressive for change of the observer's stand point.

So far as we have heard the opinion of those who reverence Art, and have a right to speak of works of Art—there has been but one opinion in regard to this statue—it is pronounced a noble work in every respect—a credit to the artist—a credit to the parties who subscribed for it—a credit to the country.

We are authorized to state that the list of subscribers to the statue, as has been given in the newspapers, is prematurely published as well as incomplete. Owing to the absence of many persons interested, several subscriptions have not been handed in. The list is not yet full, and there is yet time and opportunity for those who may desire to add their subscription, to do so, and be placed among the number of the patriotic contributors to this national work.

#### OUR PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

##### NO. IV.

THE collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., is conspicuous for the number of pictures it embraces, also for being composed of so great a number of works by American artists. Leutze's large picture of "Washington crossing the

Delaware," is the chief attraction of the gallery; this work is the best of Mr. Leutze's large pictures, and must ever be a valuable possession. Mr. Leutze is further represented by a "Landscape" and "John Knox before Mary Queen of Scots." Mr. Huntington has three pictures;—"The Good Samaritan," "Lady Jane Grey in the Tower," and a large landscape, "Recollection of Italy." Mr. Kensett is represented by "Franconia Mountains" and a "Composition." Mr. Church's "Kataddin Mountains" is another of the landscape attractions. Durand has three pictures, "Schoon Lake," "Indian Rescue," and a "Composition." There is a landscape by Oddie, and a "Sunset by T. Hicks, and "Niagara Falls" by Gignoux. There is a very fine picture by J. T. Peele, called "Children in the Wood,"—one of the gems of the collection. Another gem is an "Organ Boy" by Johnson. Rannay has two pictures, "The Old Oak Bucket," and "Wild Horse on the Prairie." Hays has four, "A Cattle Piece," two Dog subjects and "The Olive Branch." Hinckley, two Cattle pieces and Tait four "Game" subjects. Mr. Chapman is represented by "Rebecca at the Well," and W. S. Jewett by a well composed "Group of Children." There is a picture by T. Sully called "Girl at the Fountain," and one by S. B. Waugh called "Girl at the Shrine:" a "Laughing Boy," artist unknown, and a good "Stage Coach" subject. Mr. Walters of Liverpool has a "Marine" completing the list of the most important works of this valuable collection.

#### BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

THE exhibition of works of art in the galleries of the Athenæum this season, is noticeable on account of a few novelties. It is rare, for instance, that we have an opportunity to see on the pages of a catalogue the name of Michael Angelo among the contributing artists. There is (or was early in the season) an original drawing by him, called "The Lost Soul," remarkable for intense expression and careful drawing, which characteristics, considered with reference to aim and study, are not so apparent in works of the present day, as is the more superficial quality of execution. There are two pictures, "Scenes in the Cloisters of St. John Lateran," by Toerner, a German artist in Rome. His works are novelties, and attract marked attention in Rome as well as in Boston, exhibiting certain excellences, provoking admiration, but to our mind, not deserving it to any high degree. Toerner's art is complete still-life painting,—patient, laborious application with but little result. There is so little expression in the figures, we feel as if they interfered with the objects they are surrounded by, and we wonder what they were placed in the picture for. These pictures are capital illustrations of mere imitation, in contrast with works where imitation is associated with noble purpose. Rosa Bonheur has two horse subjects, which we noticed some time ago in the Providence gallery. There are a number of pictures by American artists. Among them we observe

in the catalogue the names of Hart, Huntington, Kensett, Elliott, Ehninger, Hunt, Cropsey Shattuck, White, all contributing works lately exhibited in this city. Rossiter exhibits three new pictures, and Champney a few studies from nature, with a great deal of truth and force in them.

We are obliged to quote from a contemporary the following mention of pictures contributed to the exhibition for its second season, and which we have not had an opportunity to see:

Ames has only one head in this collection, and his coloring has always been so much admired that we regret not finding more of his pictures in the gallery.

A portrait of Mr. James Savage, painted for the Massachusetts Historical Society, by M. Wight, is full of merit. He has also in this collection a full length cabinet size portrait of a lady and child which is very truthful, the positions easy, graceful, and in perfect taste. Also a portrait of a Capuchin Monk, which will be admired.

Two portraits by Page, painted in his peculiar style are a great addition to the gallery.

Two very pleasing pictures of very good tone and delicate coloring, by J. D. Williams, evince a great deal of merit.

Gerry has one of his best pictures here, called the "Blackberry Pasture," which will be very much admired.

Frost's pictures are very striking, and show certain evidence of feeling.

"Joan of Arc," by Ducis, is likewise very fine and effective.

Hoyt has a very good copy of a portrait by Rembrandt, painted from the original in the Uffizi gallery at Florence. We regret very much that he has no original heads in the collection.

A very excellent likeness of Webster, by Pope, deserves attention.

The gallery is also unusually rich in landscapes. Two beach scenes by Gay are particularly fine.

The Dante and Beatrice, by Scheffer, adds interest to the exhibition, and we see on the catalogue the title, "Christus Consolator." We hope it is the picture in the possession of W. S. Bullard, Esq., a reduced duplicate, by the artist of the original picture, the latter formerly in the possession of the Duke of Orleans.

This work, Christus Consolator, seems to us the noblest work of modern times in the department of Christian art. Artists of the middle ages painted Scriptural subjects and Scripture character, according to the religious ideas of the day, and if they often were representative of intense emotion it was the emotion of superstition more than of intelligent feeling, fear instead of sympathy, idolatry instead of love. Beautiful as Fra Angelico's angels may be, his art is still childish, as Ruskin admits, and the Christian art of Raphael, belonging to the same school, although more manly, is only more varied in images, for the same character of feeling belonged equally to the religious views of Fra Angelico's time as well as to Raphael's. The same church existed—the same dogmas. Raphael, however, modified its expression in the figures and designs he made use of. In his art he brought down religion from the skies to be a dweller among men. He animated human faces with the expression of angels—he destroyed the mythic spirit of Christianity, and

portrayed divine feeling in humanity, as far as art bound to the fetters of the Church, could represent it. Without tracing the signs of this progressive step in detail, we believe it to be expressed in the Madonna subjects. He de-throned the virgin, took off her crown and royal trappings and made her a woman, and with her child painted her to illustrate the beauty of maternal love. Admitting the "Romanisms" of Raphael, and inconsistencies of his other works—works which he painted to order and not from feeling—we claim for him a religious inspiration in this expression of the simple element of the divine love on earth, that of a mother for her child, at once of world-wide sympathy, and an indication of a new spiritual development. Love on earth is the end of all things, and the birth of an art-feeling which recognizes this principle in all its bearings, is well typified by the glorious representations of it in Raphael's children. Scheffer follows in the same spirit more fully developed in the Christus Consolator.

Here the three classes of females—the young, the middle-aged, the old, the prisoner, the slave, the assassin, and the types of nationalities, are all characters revealing themselves at a glance, at the same time exhibiting a lofty development of feeling, excited by love for the Redeemer in their midst. It is love which expresses a real purpose for humanity. The most remarkable countenance in the picture, as it should be, is the face of Christ. In no work of Christian art, have we seen the like sympathetic feeling expressed, nor the like benignant aspect. To our mind it expresses infinitely more of true religious feeling, the divine relation to man, which seems to us the highest thought of the Christian system, than the rapt gaze or abstraction of Fra Angelico's angels, or the same feeling in the monks and saints of Raphael, or in the Christ of the Transfiguration.

We consider the "Christus Consolator" as far superior in true sentiment to the best middle-age art, as we believe that this age affords circumstances to express artistically the spirit of its divine author more truly than the physical suffering of martyrs, or simple sorrow as in Leonardo da Vinci's Christ; and we believe it furnishes thoughts more elevating than those suggested by contemplating, in pictures, the adoration of saints and mythic angels. In art as in religion, we need to get rid of all vicarious types of feeling, and the sooner it is done the better. This picture convinces us that Scheffer understands and feels the spirit of Christianity more truly than any artist of the 14th or 15th centuries, and therefore this picture claims consideration as to whether it be not a nobler expression of religious feeling, and a work of higher art.

#### DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

Mr. J. F. Kensett sailed lately for Europe, to be absent about three months. Mr. K. will pass the period of his absence in England and Scotland. Gifford is in Switzerland. Our home artists are distributed about the country in various pleasant localities. Messrs. Champney,

Coleman, Shattuck and Hotchkiss are at Conway, Mr. Durand is at Campton, both villages being near the White Mountains. Mr. Casilear is at Lake George; Church we believe is in Maine. Messrs. Darley and Ehninger are at Stockbridge, and Gray at Pittsfield. H. K. Brown is at Newburg, and Huntington at Mount Desert, Maine. Mr. Healy, we learn, is about to make Chicago his permanent residence. Messrs. Ordway and Williams of Boston, are at Campton.

THE Art-treasures of this city, as well as the collection of the Rev. E. L. Magoon, have lately been enriched by the addition of three original drawings, by J. M. W. TURNER, lately procured from England, by Mr. Magoon. The title of the drawings are—"Berne," "Bachrach," and an illustration to one of Scott's novels, the title of which we do not remember. The drawings are marked with some of Turner's best characteristics, and are of special interest to our Art-world.

#### GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

THE PHOTO-GALVANOGRAPHIC PROCESS OF ENGRAVING.—In the hands of Mr. Paul Pretsch, lately the manager of the Imperial Austrian Printing Office at Vienna—the productions of which workshop were so greatly admired in our Exhibition of 1851—light and electricity have at last been most effectively combined, and trained to perform the united functions of the artist, draftsman, and engraver. Drawing by light, and engraving by electricity, are, in themselves, far from new. Every town now possesses its photographers, who enjoy the means of indelibly reproducing not only the outlines, but the nicest lights and shades of both natural and artificial objects, quite independently of the exercise of any purely artistic genius. Similarly, the substantially reproductive power of the electrotypic art, for the purposes of the printer, is a fact of old standing. But the production of printing plates capable of giving us every touch of nature, without necessitating the employment either of the pencil of the artist, or the burin of the engraver, is something far advanced beyond even these ingenious scientific applications.

Mr. Paul Pretsch—engaged, as he has been, in the pursuit of science, and improvements in the fine arts, and developing them for the purposes of the printer's multiplying power, under the auspices of a government, which, in this instance, at least, has shown a highly enlightened spirit—was very early impressed with a deep sense of the power conferred upon man by the introduction of photography, and saw clearly enough how much this art was able to assist the real artist in the creations of his own mind, and in multiplying his works. During his photographic trials, he made several experiments upon etching upon metal and stone: but, in adhering to the practice of his predecessors, he got involved in the inconveniences due to the necessity of etching several times for the production of different tints. It was whilst these gropings towards improvement were going on, simultaneously with investigations into photography, that the idea arose as to the possibility of producing, photographically, a printing surface of *relievo* and *intaglio* parts, instead of a mere picture made up of lights and shades. This led to the abandoning of etching or biting in with acid, and the substitution of a new photographic coating adapted for finally obtaining impression surfaces. The results of Mr. Pretsch's labors, as far as they have yet advanced, are now before us. They consist of a set

of impressions from plates produced entirely by what the inventor calls "galvanography," the largest size we have seen being 16 inches by 12 inches. The subjects are various, including both architecture and the figure; and, as examples of plates made ready for the printer's hands, without a single touch of the graver, they are far beyond mere curiosities; indeed, they may fairly be classed with good calotypes, or well-finished sepia or india-ink pictures of the artist, and in beautifully minute accuracy, far outrivalling all that can be produced by the unaided hand of man.

The primary steps of this photo-galvanographic process, are similar to those adapted to the glass-plate photographer. The operator coats a glass plate with a gelatinous solution, suitably prepared with chemical ingredients sensitive to light. This gelatinous matter consists of clear glue, with a strong solution of nitrate of silver, and a weak solution of iodide of potassium. To another portion of the glue solution, there is added a strong solution of bichromate of potass. These two compounds mixed together, form the coating material, which is allowed to dry upon the glass or other plate which is coated with it. When dry, the coated plate is exposed to the light, in a copying frame, in contact with the print or drawing which is to be copied; or the camera may be used for a similar purpose. After exposure, the plate exhibits a faint picture on the smooth surface of the sensitive coating, and it is washed either with water, or a solution of borax, or carbonate of soda, when the whole image comes out in relief, whilst the tints of the original are still maintained. When sufficiently developed, this *relievo* plate is washed with spirits of wine, dried, and treated with copal varnish diluted with oil of turpentine. When dry, the plate is immersed in an astringent solution—as tannin, for example. This treatment, aided by heat, brings out the picture in full relief, ready for being copied for the production of the actual printing plate. If the matrix plate is prepared for electric conduction, it may itself be placed in the electrotype battery, producing an *intaglio* copper plate; or, if first moulded, the *intaglio* mould furnishes the means of obtaining a *relievo* plate by electro-deposition in a similar way. The stereotype process also affords another means of producing the necessary plate. If an *intaglio* plate is made, it may be printed from at the common copper-plate printing press; on the other hand, the *relievo* plate may either serve as the matrix for producing an *intaglio* printing-plate, or it may be itself employed in "surface" printing, like a wood-cut. In the latter case, the narrow impression lines being sufficiently raised, the broad white spaces must be cut out.

By another modification of the process, the gelatinous coating of the image plate is washed with spirits of wine, and then dried, when the picture is produced in *intaglio*, or sunk. Or, by applying printing-ink to the coating, an ink impression may be taken for transference to stone or zinc, to print from in the usual way.

The examples of Mr. Pretsch's productions, to which we have referred, are quite sufficient to show us that the delicate beauty of original photographs need no longer be restricted to the actual picture which the camera gives us; nor need we be driven to the slow process of copying by negative pictures for the production of what are, at the best, but inferior counterparts of the original. The beautiful art of the photographer is thus rendered far more practically and enduringly valuable than it has hitherto been.

The impressions from the photo-galvanographic plates exhibit a tint much superior to mezzotints or aquatints, whilst whatever touches appear in nature are reproduced at the printing press with a fidelity which no artistic labor can rival. We know, too, how very lia-

\* From the Lon. Frao. Mech. Journal, April, 1856.

ble photographic originals are to change; and in a series of copies from the same negative, there is always a want of uniformity in the shade of color. With this printing process, however, we are independent of such drawbacks, as the plate impressions are in ink, and the attention of an ordinary printer suffices to keep the pictures to the proper color.

The rapidity with which the plates can be produced, is another important and remarkable feature of the invention. From three days to three weeks, according to the special kind of work in hand, is time enough for the production of finished plates, some of which—as for example, those from photographic originals—the human hand could never engrave; or if imitated by manual engraving, would require even years of unremitting labor. The process, too, affords the means of obtaining exact counterpart plates, so that where extreme expedition is an object, several printing presses may be at work simultaneously, all producing exactly similar impressions. In all cases the artist's original designs are reproduced without the alteration of a single line or touch, and on any scale, so that the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court could all be quickly put on printing plates of a size suitable for a pocket volume.

An influential company has been formed in this country (England) for carrying out the objects of the invention on a large commercial scale.

**PORTRAIT PAINTING.**—It is not that modern portraits are not full of character and life—it is not that their color is not fresh and natural—it is not that they are as a rule defective in drawing, but it is that they are mere feats of business, brushed in cleverly, without love, and without self-respect. The painter has no desire to produce a work of art—no admiration for the sitter, and no emulous desire for excellence.

The cause of this decadence and of our hasty superficiality is too clear. Portrait painting is a task done for money. The object is to paint, not as many good pictures as possible in the year, but as many full lengths as possible in the time—as many ladies and poodles, officers and feathers, children and battledores, as may be done. The object is to send them home as little finished as the sister or friend will take them in. (Hands hid, if possible.) The grand, broad style is the quickest, and the historical background is much the most easy; for texture of cloth, real trees, and animals with real hair, take up time, and are not in every one's reach. By these sneers the public taste is lowered.—*Athenæum*.

**CHOICE OF SUBJECT.**—"I should particularly insist at present on the careful choice of subject, because the Pre-Raphaelites, taken as a body, have been culpably negligent in this respect, not in humble respect to nature, but in morbid indulgence of their own impressions. They happen to find their fancies caught by a bit of an oak-hedge, or the weeds at the side of a duck-pond, because, perhaps, they remind them of a stanza of Tennyson, and forthwith they sit down to sacrifice the most consummate skill, two or three months of the best summer time available for out-door work (equivalent to some seventieth or sixtieth of all their lives), and nearly all their credit with the public, to this duck-pond delineation. Now it is indeed quite right that they should see much to be loved in the hedge, nor less in the ditch; but it is utterly and inexcusably wrong that they should neglect the nobler scenery which is full of majestic interest, or enchanted by historical association, so that, as things go at present, we have all the commonality, that they may be seen whenever we choose painted properly; but all of lovely and wonderful, which we cannot see but at rare intervals, painted vilely: the castles of the Rhine and Rhone made vignettes of for the annuals; and the nettles and mush-

rooms, which were prepared by nature eminently for nettle-porridge and fish sauce, immortalized by art as reverently as if we were Egyptians and they deities."—*Mod. Painters*, Vol. IV.

**EFFECT OF COLOR UPON HEALTH.**—In *The Builder* we find the following singular fact contributed to that paper by a Mr. William Burns. Mr. Burns had made some interesting observations in manufacturing establishments, and says:

"I observed another very singular fact, viz., that the workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the occupiers of another similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pains in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. Upon examining the rooms in question, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lighted. I could not discover anything about the drainage of the premises that could affect the one room more than the other; but I observed that the room occupied by the cheerful workers was wholly whitewashed, and the room occupied by the melancholy workers was covered with *yellow ochre*. I had the yellow ochre all washed off, and the walls and ceiling whitewashed. The workers ever after felt more cheerful and healthy. After making this discovery, I extended my observations to a number of smaller rooms and garrets, and found without exception, that the occupiers of the white rooms were much more healthy than the occupiers of the yellow or buff-colored rooms, and whenever I succeeded in inducing the occupiers of the yellow rooms to change the color for whitewash, I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupiers. From these observations I would respectfully drop a hint to the authorities of schools, asylums and hospitals, to eschew yellow, buff or anything approaching to yellow, as the ground color of the interior of their buildings."

#### COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

X—, July, 1856.

[At a Farm-house Window.

It is only as the sun gets well on his westerling course, that I can take this favorite seat of mine, so hot are its unobstructed rays for a long time before and after mid-day.

Why, what is matter with little Sammy? How he limps! He has got his tin tail, in which he takes his luncheon to school in one hand, and, on my word, a long, dangling striped snake in the other, holding it up by the tail, as he comes near, for me to see it.

"Well, Sammy, what is the matter with your foot?"

"Oh, not much; ain't that a feller for yer?"

I was easily put off, and reaching my hand out of the window, substituted a dainty grasp of my own fingers for his.

"Sammy, Sammy!" cried his mother, looking out of the front door, having passed without my knowing it through the room. The boy seized his prize, and limped towards her.

"Oh, the pesky varmint! throw it away this minute; it will bite you."

"No, it won't, mother; it is dead."

"This minute, I tell you!" and the boy slunk away.

"Boys will be boys!" she muttered, and observing my elbow just out of the window, she stepped down upon the grass, to get a sight of me. "Why, sir, it was only yesterday that he got his father's gun, that always stands in the first stall in the barn, to shoot crows with. The first thing I knew, I looked out of the but-tery window, and, as I am alive, it was pointed

right at the bed-room window, where baby was asleep."

"It wasn't loaded, ma'," said the urchin, who had hid his trophy behind a stone, and returned.

"Wasn't loaded! What difference does that make! Don't you ever let me find you doing it again. Guns wasn't made for boys. Give me your pail. See here, what have you had in it. Something, I know. You've had that snake in it, you rascal. Come here."

"No, ma', I haven't. I let it fall in the road, and the cover fell off."

"Let it fall! I'll let *you* fall, you rascal! How came it to fall?"

"Why, Tommy Eustis threw a stone at that snake, and it hit my foot;" and he put the dirty, bare foot behind his other leg, rubbing the top of it up and down his trousers.

"I hope you'll know enough to let the snakes alone another time. Now, run for your life, down to the meadow, and help the men load up their hay. Quick—scamper! Don't limp so, you ain't hurt, I don't believe;" and the good dame stepped wearily up the threshold, and took her way, muttering, to the kitchen.

Well, she was somewhat vexed, surely, for boys will be boys, and who can blame them for it. There was some apology for her, perhaps; she found this noon that the cream wouldn't keep till morning, and so she had to churn when she didn't expect to. Besides the farmer had got an extra gang of men these haying times and they all came home hungry enough; and so, what with churning, and baking, and getting a solid supper ready for six or eight men, it is no wonder if she is a little tired, and, of course a trifle cross. Besides, baby is cutting his last teeth, and is rather fretty, poor thing, this hot weather. And when she went a little while ago up in the hay-mow to find some eggs for the men's supper, what should little Sally, who was with her, do, but sit right down in a whole nest-full, breaking every one, beside dirtying her new calico all over. Bless me, no wonder she is cross!

I drew down a dirty, well-thumbed little volume of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which I had found on an upper shelf in the best closet; and, taking my straw hat, went out after Sammy, who was just coming out of the barn with a rake.

"Well, Sammy, I'll go, too." But Sammy had espied something behind the bushes on the river's bank, and presently Tommy Eustis darted into sight in an opening, sculling his rude, little float, which the wheelwright had made for him; and Tommy had paid for it with money he had earned, helping his father make shoes.

"Come, Sam, go along with me," he cried.

"No, I can't, mother won't let me. I am going down to the meadow to help the men."

Tommy held up a long birchen stick with a dangling piece of twine.

"No, no," shouted Sammy; "I know where Johnny Phelps caught a 'tarnal big trout last summer;" and he stubbed the toes of his wounded foot against a clump of briars, and came running after me, now and then jumping on one foot, holding up the hurt one with his hand.

"Urf!" and he jammed his lips together, and held his breath. "Oh—h—h!" and there was a sudden change of tone for the better; and he run his hand into a bunch of grass on the ground, and pulled out a deserted bird's nest, with three whole eggs and two broken ones in it. So he run and hid it in a crevice of the stone wall, to take it on his way home. He forgot it.

We had followed the opposite direction of the river's course, only the wide sweeps it sometimes took, had frequently curved it a long way from us. Whenever our path led us by the end of a reach, where the current had thrown up a little shelving store of sand and gravel, over

which the turf of the bank, slightly undermined, impended, Sammy would throw in a few stones to see the circles form from the centre and disappear on the margin. Then he would run after me, who, to his surprise, was not enticed by such fun. Once he put in his rake and drew it along shore, and, to his astonishment and mine, pulled out the identical basket I had lost last summer, up by the railroad bridge—one of those that anglers carry at their side, with a hole in its cover. Inside of it, I found the little tin box I kept my hooks and flies in, and it had shut together so tightly, that a much esteemed fly, the only one it contained, appeared to be hardly injured at all. I had often mourned that fly; I knew every speckle upon it. It set me in a hurry to try my luck. I inwardly vowed to go to-morrow.

We came upon the meadow—a large one—and the men were at work with two hay-carts at the further side of it. Their red waistcoats and white shirt-sleeves contrasted vividly with the green foliage beyond them. Sammy set into a run to join them, when I observed a piece of cord hanging from his pocket. I called for him to give it to me, which he produced in a snarl, and throwing it on the grass for me to pick it up, started off on the run again. I gave two or three twitches with both hands to the loosened end of it, and satisfied myself it had some strength, and sat myself down on a rock beneath a scraggy apple-tree, just on the edge of the upland, and went to work disentangling it.

The meadow lay before me bounded by upland, on what made the better part of the circumference of a large circle, while the river formed the remaining segment, shut in mostly from sight by bushes. Open pasture, and an orchard, with the chimneys of a house, and the roof of a large barn, appearing above the trees, occupied the eye, as it took a range along the upland. The meadow was mostly dotted over with hay-cocks, and a couple of men, with poles, were carrying some of the farther ones, and forming larger ones by throwing them together, in the line of the course the wagons would take for Farmer Asbury's lane, which would lead them to the highway. Sammy soon reached the party, and went busily at work in the rear of one of the wagons; raking up the droppings, and thus carrying them on his rake, he tried to throw them, with the sleight of experience, in the cart. The load, however, was rather high, and himself too short, and he failed as many times as he tried, until the farmer at last ordered him to the top to tread the hay down. He mounted one of the large wheels, and by clinging to the pickets, and the hand of one of the men already there, he gained the summit.

I had got the tangled cord nearly clear, and, finishing it as I walked along, I looked into a little swampy tract, nearer the river, and discovered some sort of a sapling, which I thought would do for a pole, if I could make my cord and fly answer the other purposes. I carried a big jack-knife, and with its assistance soon brought it down, and trimmed off the twigs, and found myself equipped, after a rude fashion, in the angler's way. Now for a spot to cast my fly! I came to a little opening, where the workmen had plainly enough, eaten their luncheon. There was a little range of rocks, which run also out into the river bed. Under the shade of the higher ones there were a few coats and jackets, some tin pails, a crumpled newspaper, a basket with a plate or two, and some rusty knives and forks in it; a tin dipper, and a jug. Some of the neighboring and stoutest bushes held a scythe or two, for one corner of the meadow appeared but newly mown.

I put my nose to the jug. The Maine Law had passed the State legislature, but—the news of it, had perhaps, not reached this country nook;

or at least *The County Memorial* may have missed for that week, or some neighbor borrowed it before the farmer had time to read it, or perhaps his wife too hastily lined her baking-pans with it—who knows? The red of the farmer's face is certainly a healthy one, and looks too rich, through the sun-browned covering, to wish it away. Well! The rail-road depot is not far off, and a cousin of his is a wealthy importer of hogaheads (not empty) in the city. Two summers ago, this relative sent his youngest boy to spend a month or two with him for a summer airing. Sammy fondly remembers his shiny shoes, and the treasury of pretty things he brought in his pocket. I have heard that the farmer very modestly refused all pay for the boy's board, notwithstanding he was continually frightening all the hens off their nests, when they were setting, and trampling down his water-melon vines, and in eagerness to see if the fruit was not ripe, tapping them by the score. Besides he used to tease a rather capacious heifer, till one day she knocked him over with her stubby horns, and he bellowed so loudly, that the whole household screamed with affright. Well, I say, the boy hadn't been gone a week, before the farmer's horse-cart tumbled along from the depot, with a barrel in it, and Sammy astride it, to keep it from rolling. That barrel now stands in the little cellar, directly under the best room. I know it; and Farmer John has little difficulty in getting men to work for him, moreover.

Well! out upon the farthest end of the rocks I went. The water rippled by, and sparkled along the edge of it. The stream turned just below, and left a little cove of quieter surface, overhung by the bushes. It was the first time I had thrown a line this season, yet the fly fell grandly at the first attempt, and I drew it up against the current by little jerks, directly into the smooth water. It twitched once, and down it went. With complete tackling I had felt confident, but the fish soon run out my line, but, as it proved, he had already so gorged the fly, that he could not clear himself, and with a little coaxing, I landed him as he doubled himself up through the air. This made me a little sanguine, and I felt an increasing appetite for a prospective supper. I threw again—as finely as before—and drew up in the same way. I was a little nervous through unexpected excitement; and my first booty, which I cast into the basket, had flapped himself out upon the paper, and turning his somersets, rather grated my nerves with his noise; so I dropped my pole, and went to replace him. I looked back and my fly was gone. I clutched the pole and the slackened line tightened, and in a minute I brought out a second trout—a finer than the first. I threw again and again—all without a hint at success, once more—and my fly provokingly caught in the bushes. I dared not risk a pull upon the line, and was contemplating my dilemma, when I heard a splash, then a rumbling like the movement of an oar in the row-lock, and Tommy Eustis came round the bend in his float. I hailed him, and pointing to the fly, asked him to unloose it, which was soon done from beneath. I had little difficulty in inducing him to take me aboard, with the offer of one of my gains, and so placing both in a little tub he carried with him, I took the paddle at the stern, and he curiously examined my fly and the fish by turns, or was catching some stray grasshopper that leaped from the shore, or scooping some wandering one from the water, breaking their legs to keep them from escaping their destiny as bait for his hook. Meanwhile the float went down the current, under my guidance, while I kept an eye ahead for another good spot. Presently we came upon one; the stream was shallow and darkened by the overhanging foliage, and a pebbly bottom was discernable through the clear water. I caught at a bough and stayed our progress, and calling to Tommy

to take my hold, I crept to the prow and threw my line ahead. It fell well enough, though I hardly expected it would clear the boughs. It was taken almost as soon as it struck, and was carried off with force and rapidity. I felt the float move under me, and as I turned, I found Tommy had loosed his hold to get a better sight, but observing an expression, that I presume was not very pleasant in my countenance, he sprang back to regain it, giving the boat such a rocking, that I came near being pitched out. My pole was horizontally extended and the line all out, the tension still being great—I was fearful of the result, and told the boy to let go again. This, of course, aided but little. The fish was bound for a pull, and nothing would do, but cord and he should measure strength. Success was upon my side, although I hadn't a chance to lift him from the water, until I had brought him to the side of the boat. He was the largest yet. We had floated out of the darkness into a bright spot, where the trees opened overhead, closing again just below, and I used the same expedient to stop the float, as before. Here I had a better chance to cast, and the half hour I kept Tommy at his task passed rapidly for him, while beside himself with one hand turning over each new visitant to the tub.

"There, Tommy," said I, "I want to get back before them, and I guess this will do."

So he took the paddle, and down the stream we went.

"Take me down to the bridge, and you shall have two of them, and this beside," and his eyes sparkled as I tossed him over a little coin, while his paddle, which he let go of, as he stooped forward for the gift, fell over the stern, and we went on without it. He looked a little disconcerted, but thought we could get home without it.

"No," said I, who was enough elated with success to think nothing could balk me, "we won't leave anything behind." So; as we swept around a bend, I caught a stump with a loop, formed by Tommy's line and pole, and held on till the paddle came down. It went a little out of reach, but not starting again till it was some distance ahead, and having a chance to fall into mid-stream, the current took our larger body rather more rapidly along, and we easily overtook and reached it with the hand. This had occasioned me unexpected delay, and by the time we got ashore by the bridge, and I had strung Tommy's fish on a twig for him, and borrowed his little tub to take mine to the house, the hay-wagons had reached the lane that leads to the farm, and those who came across-field, were just getting over some bars by the barn-yard.

I held up my booty, and Sammy came running towards me.

"Oh, Mr. J——!" was all that he could say just then.

The rest had heard from Sammy, of my accompanying him, and wondered somewhat what had become of me, when they started to come home; but they guessed I was about something of the kind, for Sammy had told the man in the hay-wagon, as they trod down the hay together, how I had recovered my fly, and had taken a piece of cord of him, and this man was the first to propose such a conjecture, which was voted more than likely.

"There, wife!" cried the farmer, as he unlocked the oxen, "Mr. J. will want to have them ere cooked for supper."

The good dame stood in the kitchen door, wiping her hands with a towel, as Sammy held the little tub up to her face, while I soon saw this was going to be no welcome job after the day's work.

"Never mind, to-night," said I. "They'll keep."

"But they are always better fresh," said she, looking rather wistfully herself.



"I'll clean them for yer, just as leevie do't as nut," said Nathan, one of the men, coming up, and taking a big knife from his pocket, and strapping the blade on his palm.

The dame's face brightened—"That's right, Nathan," said she, "and I'll get the spider ready, and we'll have them nice and brown in less than no time."

Nathan took them down to the river, and sitting on a plank, that they drew up water from, commenced his work. I went into the house, and pulled up a little round table before this favorite window of mine, and hadn't written a quarter of this letter, when the good dame with a most pleasant smile called me to supper, and I had the gratification of observing that Sammy got a better share than any of us, beside a promise of a sweetmeat to take to school to-morrow.

Since supper I have seen the rogue, looking at his snake behind the stone, but he hasn't ventured to bring it in sight. I promised him yesterday to go into the old hen-house, which Nathan had turned into a carpenter's shop, and see a wind-mill, that Nathan was making for him, and he now keeps me to my word; and I must leave off here and go.

W. J.

#### REYNOLDS'S SKETCH-BOOKS.

In our last number we reported the purchase, at the Rogers sale, of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Sketch Books for A. E. Douglas, Esq., of Brooklyn. The *Athenæum* of May 24th, contains the following description of these interesting relics:

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to regret that he had not enjoyed the advantages of an academical education in his youth, and always felt that he was unable to draw. The difficulties he labored under are very apparent in three curious little books recently sold at the Rogers sale. Two of them were the sketch-books Reynolds used in Italy, and contain notes and sketches of some of the most celebrated pictures and works of Art, together with records of dates, places, travelling expenses, and frequent memoranda of color. They were purchased by Rogers at the sale of the painter's effects, and are now on their way to America, where they can only be valued as having been the actual property of our great painter. Many of the pages, containing merely lead pencil outlines, display such weak and uncertain drawing as a child would produce, rather than the notes of an experienced artist. Where broad shadow occurs the power of Reynolds may be seen. He worked in masses not lines, and it is curious where he was confined to the latter, to observe how he proceeded, adding one line upon the other till he arrived at something like his intention. He floundered, and was anything but academic. These peculiarities, however, were a part of the man, and never thoroughly overcome. In studying the individual artist they form an inseparable part of his character, and afford an insight into his mind. By these books we observe what pictures, scenes, and objects he thought most worthy of treasuring in his memory, and therefore it is to be regretted that they have passed so far from us into private hands where they become mere curiosities. For our collectors of Reynolds, and our government institutions to let the first book, No. 1275, pass away to New York for the sum of guineas seems an almost unaccountable apathy. Are the original sketches of Sir Joshua, the means by which he commenced his works, and the first thoughts of his pictures so very common? We believe not. He frequently designed and completed his composition on one and the same canvas, so that the masterly brush-strokes at last concealed the wavering pencillings of the beginning. Such weaknesses are not discreditable to Reynolds;

and it would be a pity for those who are jealous for his fame to anxiously endeavor to conceal them, since we know that by labor and perseverance these difficulties were at last overcome. He rarely quitted a subject till nothing more was to be desired.

The first sketch-book is nearly square, bound in thick parchment covers; the pages 180 in number, and 7½ inches high. When sitters came to Reynolds he used to show them *engravings* to select attitudes from, and we do not hear of the painter ever having made such studies of attitudes and groups in the streets and elsewhere as Flaxman was always in the habit of making, and which still exist in his Sketch-books, the property of Miss Denman. In this respect Flaxman industriously observed the precepts of Da Vinci, and to this practice may be ascribed much of that exquisitely beautiful grouping and that pure grace which distinguish his works.

In Reynolds's book, No. 1275, his sojourn at Rome is marked by a sketch of the two lions on the Capitol,—the tortuous columns of the Baldachino, in St. Peter's,—a sketch of the famous picture by Guercino of the Magdalen, with Angels, in the Vatican,—a colonnade and fountains of the Villa Borghese,—the interior of a Roman columbarium,—the Barberini Faun, since removed to Munich, and the Guido Herodias, with the head of John the Baptist,—a capital study of the head of Heliodorus, in chalk, and evidently done at once from Raphael's fresco. His stay at Florence is indicated by a masterly sketch, in chalk, of Titian's Venus in the Tribune, with the women at the chest in the background. A shaded study of Michael Angelo's statue of the Duke Lorenzo, and several sketches of the famous pictures in the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Venice, done with a Rembrandt-like power of black and white. The first page contains extracts from Lord Shaftesbury. On one page, the summit of a snow mountain, and front of an Italian church,—a letter commencing, "Dear Brother, I ask your pardon for not having,"—Notes of dates of his journeys from Milan, by "Lions," to Paris,—a curious architectural sketch drawn, like all the rest of his architectural and ornamental notes, very timidly inscribed, "On the river Adda, between Bergamo and Milan,"—against the building is written, "Dens of beasts, statues between the Windows, Fall of Phaeton, another Europa, Endimion—Galleries." Two portrait heads, with the name "Marchese Lucatello,"—numerous memoranda of pictures, and pages of precepts, and experiments for coloring, made evidently with the pictures before him or fresh in his mind. These records are the more interesting as the technical processes of his art occupied so much of the painter's attention. He was through life an experimentalist. The second book, No. 1276, without a cover, consists only of eighteen loose leaves, many at the beginning, devoted to accounts, having been cut off. The sketches are very slight, and with no particular interest. The Sketch-book, No. 1277, is of more importance; it is bound, like the other, in parchment. The leaves, thirty-two in number, are 6 inches high, and 6½ inches wide. Many of them are blank, and two half-leaves remain at the end. On the second page is a list of the places he passed through on his way to Exeter after his return from the Continent.—A sketch of a round tower like Windsor Castle,—sketch in chalk, of a composition very like Guercino's Hagar at Milan, but evidently a design for the Woman taken in Adultery, from one of Rembrandt's etchings,—a reclining female figure in the front of one of Raphael's compositions, executed by Giulio Romano,—two sketches of an equestrian figure, apparently from Le Brun, in the costume of the day, each a repetition of the other, but the second much larger, a fine outline in black chalk.—A spirited lead-pencil design, carried

across both pages of the book, for a picture of the Ghost of Cæsar appearing to Brutus, with the quotation from Shakespeare in large letters beneath. The mixture in this of the classic costume with the dress of Queen Elizabeth's reign is not a little amusing. Figures occur with the names Le Seur and Le Brun written against them. The initials J. R. are placed by the side of one graceful reclining figure, holding a staff, perhaps his own composition. Much as Reynolds professed to admire Michael Angelo, his extracts are more copiously derived from the French school. His studies of ornamental detail are the French eccentric and examples of the distortions of the Bernini school. The only study recognizable in these books from the works of Michael Angelo is the sitting Lorenzo at Florence. Some of his sketches of females in groups, probably ladies as he saw or remembered having seen them in refined society, are very charming, and became at once designs for pictures. One Rembrandt-like female figure, holding a trumpet, is, no doubt, a study from some fine painting abroad; but a child's head, with the arms and chest lightly indicated, is full of spirit, and must have been hit off at once from nature. In drawing the features, Reynolds could convey the expression of the countenance immediately, and one or two portions of landscape in the first described book show a feeling for and power to render with a few strokes the leading points that characterize the scene. The writing throughout is clearly that of Reynolds.

Compared with his pictures, these books are but a sorry introduction of Sir Joshua to Brother Jonathan. Where his pictures are, his Sketch-books ought to have been preserved.

#### PARK HINTS FOR "THE MANHATTAN."

"Art lives on Nature's aims; is weak and poor:  
Nature herself has unexhausted store."

In the larger cities of Europe, the most charming and agreeable haunts which an American is allowed by Imperial or Royal permission to delight in, are the Boulevards, Praters, and other umbrageous retreats, well flanked and filled with glorious specimens of magnificent trees. These parks, invested as they are with the luxuriance of scores of years; affluence of association; care,—almost amounting to devotion; all possessing so many elements of beauty, silently awaken in his breast, feelings of profound respect and veneration for their originators.

The Parks, those happily termed public lungs, are there planned upon the most magnificent scale, and if the ponderous Achilles, the fantastic fountains, shorn samples of foliage, the puny bridge—or other individual details exist, which are wanting with us, it at least serves for a pretext there to expend the people's money for the benefit of art. Even the city patches which we with more euphony style parks, are there charming objects to look upon. The only things they actually require, in order to rivet a Gothamite to the spot, are the rustic fountain composed of huge blocks of stone—or rather footing courses, piled one above the other, a gigantic specimen of architectonic skill,—or the fitful spouting and squirting fountain, straining every muscle to attain its mother source on gala days or grand reviews, with a sigh for the luxurious but rather democratic swing of the friendly chain, an impromptu but ever-ready seat.

Of these places for recreation, London has her Regent's, her Victoria, and her Hyde Parks;—Paris her Champs Elysees, and Bois de Boulogne. Other continental cities their Praters, and Boulevards, and New York, vying in wealth and surpassing many in enterprize, what has she? Why she has got her own dear Park, her Battery, her Madison Park and Gramercy Park, besides innumerable other park remnants; and soon the Park—the Central, alias the Manhattan, alias the New York, Hiawatha, or any

other alias you please, which is to be the pride of our city, and the glory of the world.

In regard to the abilities of the Commission appointed for the purpose of laying out the new park, I can say naught—but if my humble voice can be of any benefit, I would have them be cautious; a false step at the beginning will ensure them an unenviable distinction at the end; for thousands yet unborn are to be the judges of their work. Time, the master spirit of accomplishment, is alone the mean by which they shall attain the end, and many—many may be the heartburnings, when age has endowed the whole with grace, finish and luxuriance, to find that much of their work, especially the planting, must of necessity be done over again. For, perhaps, from a very pleasing point, at which special care has been taken to erect a commodious seat, a group or belting of trees has grown, and at last shut off entirely from our sight an intended view of some love of a lake; or perhaps, having attained by gradual ascent the summit of some inviting mound, and casting one's eyes about him suddenly, he beholds a deep ravine 'neath his feet, with the purling brook, threading its silvery way through its midst, now dancing merrily past the tiny promontory, and now riven by the infinitude of straggling portions of rock which encumber its narrow bed. But, on turning our backs, instead of opening glades, fore-scapes and off-scapes, middle scapes and other scapes, glimpses of the mighty abodes of the doughty Manhattanese, and portions picturesque, beautiful or sublime outside, to charm our vision by adding variety—we may see a magnificent show of round and spiral headed trees, having the appearance of one large dense forest, combined with the stupendous reservoir rearing its massive sides far above the velvet lawn, in strange contrast with the surrounding verdure, built in that very judicious style of Egyptian architecture so very grateful to many patrons of art. But, need we doom ourselves to the chain of everlasting contrition, by having an Aquarius linked with associations of "embalmed cats and deified crocodiles?" No; rather let us turn it to a welcome and graceful account, by embanking in such manner that we shall have broad terraces, agreeable slopes, planted naturally with rich foliage; or grottoes, seat, and other equally pleasing haunts formed in appropriate positions.

I am well aware that some would at once level the entire park, as far as practicable, in nice quiet slopes, form direct roads or pathways, enclosing triangular patches; or, better still as they think, encircle the whole with one continuous roadway for an American Epsom—others would traverse the park back and forth, athwart and askant, with avenues of immense width, for a parade ground, I presume—all this I take it to be in poor taste. If we want a race-course, let us have one, *per se*—or if a parade-ground, Washington and Tompkins Squares are very suitable—and for the convenience of crossing from outside street to street, should that question deter us a moment from planning naturally, gracefully and pleasingly? I think it no question at all: The park is intended for pleasure, not for business, but for the proper relaxation from business and labor.

I would conduct the roads and pathways in graceful and pleasing lines, take every advantage offered by the natural contour of the ground, and avail myself of the beauties of the ground, beautiful or romantic, in which soever way it might allow. I would have variety and depth of light and shade, the various trees and shrubbery disposed in groups, or majestic and alone, some magnificent tree giving an air of grandeur to the scene; a large body of water, with real islands well covered with foliage kissing the surface; and jutting out far into this expanse, I would carry the well-kept peninsula, with its enticing bower. I would carry over, at some convenient and narrow portion of this lake the

principal drive, affording as it would a grand opportunity for a noble bridge—apropos—why may not this body of water be turned advantageously into a reservoir? I should be sparing of temples, vases, elaborate water-works, statues, and other embellishments by which flaunting and meretricious display the vulgar in taste are generally misled; these objects answer well enough individually, and in appropriate positions, but I contend that we of this crowded city, who have our eyes surfeited with the noble works of architecture and sculpture, where "mouldings and ornamentation are put up by the yard" and sculpture by the stone; aye, and plaster too; where at almost every step our eyes are gratefully relieved by the grand yet modest structures which adorn our streets and in their simplicity seem to beg *com-pass-i-on* from the beholder. All these, and much more, as our thriving plastic merchant can attest, have hardly arrived at that acme of perfection in the realization and appreciation for true art to wish our new field for recreation and pleasure to be stocked with lovely Venuses and valiant Achilles; gods or demi-gods; fauns, satyrs or nymphs; dryads and hamadryads, or protean figures of any and every description. We want the wholesome, grateful and delicious verdancy of umbrageous foliage and grassy breadths. I do not wish to be understood as depreciating *any* embellishment, far from it, but as advocating a proper introduction of art to exhibit Nature in her most pleasing and welcome attire.

The principal entrance should not, methinks, be in the *consecrated* Egyptian style, for we are not laying out a cemetery; neither should it be in the magnificent style of Broadway architecture; both are equally inappropriate; but let it be an easy, unaffected, dignified yet cheerful design, and there let grandeur and repose, triumph in its every feature. Oh, ye mighty artist, who shall by dint of great merit (as is our wont to bestow) obtain the prize, let it speak for itself and you, for the world well knows how modest artists are. We'll leave the triumphal arches for a future day, and when wanted it is an easy matter to fence them in.

The roadway or principal drive, should not bolt forward in a straight line, but dip a little to the right and to the left according to local circumstances. The groups of foliage I should keep rather near the walks, and where they extend into the lawn, I would cluster them; and in areas irregular in shape—I mean near the angles—I should give them a corresponding irregular outline, modified of course to relieve it from monotony. If in the course of time we may require rockwork for laborious exercise and the prosecution of geological and botanical research and discovery, don't make it on a small scale, for the least of us can arrange a heap of stones, neither should they be distributed carefully or scattered helter-skelter, promiscuously o'er the surface, but look (mark well) how nature makes a rock, and rockwork, and let our landscape artist remember that in a grand place everything should be on a grand scale. And he should bear in mind too, that we want strongly developed foregrounds, middle distance of enhanced beauty, and glorious offscapes touched by the cerulean haze of distance and the golden sunshine and shifting shadows in pleasing gambols. It is very desirable in this case to have the ground partaking in style of different characters, because variety and interest is occasioned by the proper management of it—it were wise, I think to blend these characters carefully where they adjoin, so as to cause a gentle and almost imperceptible transition of the one into the other, for the eye is not then offended by abruptness.

Be cautious with the details, as much so as with the general conception, for the general conception is made up of the details. He must understand perfectly the effect which the foliage will occasion when planted singly, in groups or

in combination; dame Nature, in many cases prefers to hide her beautiful limbs from the inclemencies of the seasons, by the pleasing dress of verdancy; she does not know how to handle the white-wash brush or the pitch swathe; she is averse to all innovations, so don't put on *white* inexpressibles, *she* clothes them all with bark.

It would be well to remember that true taste is founded on nature; it is easy to discover defects in compositions, where the exuberance of fancy has carried away the artist from the reality or modesty of nature. Errors of this kind may even be seen in the works of the great masters; unnatural lights, trees, positions, and associations; truth is thus, and not unfrequently sacrificed to produce effect!

To exhibit the absurdity with which some people, gluttonous in taste beautify their places of retirement, would require a volume big as the 'book of nature.' But I well remember one Elysium—at least apparently such to the owner—which we common folk in our simplicity would call a 'suburban residence.' It lies, or did lie some few miles from this city, and when I last saw it, which was very recently, the front of the *villey*,—that which faced the street—was literally covered with ornaments, many looking like buttons from a cast off coat. The trees planted in front, were for the most part composed of the peach, closely planted with orchard-like economy and precision. On either side of the piazza which extends the whole length of the front, were placed huge vase-tubs—reminding one of the oil cans mentioned in the Arabian story of the Forty Thieves; these precious relics—for who knows but that these are a remnant of those?—these precious relics were painted a—bright—vermilion! Of course, glazed flowerpots were receiving bottom heat from the chimney-tops. In the pleasure-grounds! In the name of the prophet, how often is this a misnomer, *pleasure* gardens, forsooth! Would it not be bettered by the classic name of valley of the shadow of misery? Well, here we have walks composed of equal proportions of gravel and grass blades, rather cramped and confined, only now and then striking our elbows or perchance our shins—against some precious specimen of plastic sculpture in the form of kneeling Samuels, vases big as coffee cups &c, which serve as finials to the various beds. On either side of the main road or approach, which runs straight from the gateway to the rear of the house, and where the line of house approaches this *path*, are placed high upon slender sticks, the noddles of two bears—their paws are scattered round, but may it not be said that a pair of ass's ears were more appropriate? However to every scutcheon it is quite necessary to have one's bearings. To complete this *beau ideal* of absurdity, two archways were placed, one at the gateway and the other near the house, of old iron lamp arches, so much in vogue a few years back at the entrance of the numerous oyster cellars in this city! Suppress, dear reader, I beg you, the laugh I see curling over your lips, but it was nevertheless so. And which doubtless our *tasteful* amateur had purchased on the demolition of some buildings occupied by the above class. I missed the daintily colored glass with its inscription, but in lieu thereof, surely an elegantly striped and suspended globular balloon, would have done its duty. This interesting piece of property consists of some six or eight city lots, the *villey* laying back some fifty feet from the street on which it fronts. Upon the placing of so much statuary, and articles of *virtu* abounding in the greatest liberality in this place, in open defiance of all rules of propriety and consistency, I cannot but declare my abhorrence. It did appear to me as if they had been deposited there by some convulsion of mother earth.

Now better far were it for us not to have any park at all, rather than to have it landscaped



and embellished in like manner. I could say much more with a free good will upon this most ridiculous, and absurd practice, which passes too often for the very acme of perfection in taste, but in truth I feel as if I were already a tedious trespasser upon your time.—Oh ye Landscape gardening Artists, do not fail to let us poor dust absorbing New Yorkers have a fair chance to enjoy the beauties of nature—here we have broad acres enough, air enough for all,\* and list ye, and tremble—you may shake your twirling compasses in defiance, but your petitioners will ever pray &c. for something more than your immortal renown, if you don't relieve us from everything which wears an aspect of restraint, for we are apt, as Addison has remarked, to fancy ourselves under a sort of confinement, where the sight is pent up in a narrow compass.

NI-DES.

OBITUARY.—THOMAS DOUGHTY, our veteran landscape painter, departed this life on Thursday, July 24th, after a long illness attended with much suffering. We have but barely room and opportunity to say (before going to press) that in Mr. Doughty the corps of artists and the country have lost one, whose best works will ever be considered of rare value, as well as honorably illustrative of our progress in Art.

#### STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

The *North American Review* for July is an excellent number. The opening article on THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON with Irving's life for a text, is an admirable summary of the incidents of Washington's life, glanced at consecutively and woven in with apposite reflections, the article concluding with an instructive analysis of Washington's character. It is in words, the best picture of Washington we know of. The writer truly says that "the world has yet to understand the intellectual efficiency derived from moral qualities; how the candor of an honest and the clearness of an unperverted mind attain results beyond the reach of mere intelligence and adroitness—how conscious integrity gives both insight and directness to mental operations, and elevation above the plane of selfish motives affords a more comprehensive, and therefore, a more reliable view of affairs, than the keenest examination, based exclusively on personal ability." The demon of intellect-energy (we have to compound words to characterize this worldly force) the spirit of this age, working evil for lack of the moral element as its impulse, is, we believe, the chief obstacle to the healthy growth of art, we accordingly circulate the utterance and apply it to our own speciality. In the article headed *Present and Future of American Art*, which is the fifth in the Review, we would like to see more of the humility of weakness than a boastful spirit, as Art has no foundation to warrant national glorification. So long as artists are obliged to live abroad, and feed their sentiment of the beautiful with foreign aliment and work in foreign cities—so long as the public monuments of the nation can be counted in a breath—so long as

\* Hyde park contains 400 acres, Regent's park 450 acres, and Victoria park 290 acres—each a pride of the cockney resident; but here we have one even surpassing them and larger than the Victoria and Hyde park together.

the great chroniclers of public thought ignore the subject—so long as the people as a mass remain without any vital religious principle—the least said about art except in the way of instruction, the better. We were glad to follow on to the article entitled *The Literature of Friendship*, which is a noble paper and one which excites enthusiasm. We cordially endorse every effort to improve our social condition, for the same reason stated above, because every active impulse of the heart will in its development aid the growth of Art with us. Art cannot live other than feebly in a community where "every manifestation of strong sentiment is scouted" and where "the average conduct of society would teach us to regard every feeling of kindness warmer than calm good-will as a weakness, and a fair butt for ridicule." This is no aspersion upon our society—it is a fact of solemn import. No one can deny that "the real ends of the spirit, the true aims of life, are left to chance and to incidental side-play, while mere secular affairs—the routine of traffic, toil, and fashion—exhaust the serious labor and hurry of men." We think this paper remarkably well written, besides being exceedingly entertaining. There is an excellent article on *Damascus* being a review of "Five years in Damascus by the Rev. J. L. Porter," which will repay perusal giving an interesting account of that city and plain of eternal beauty. *Three new Routes to India*; *Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic*; *Prescott as an Historian*; *Plato in History*; *Bond's Genealogies of Watertown*; *The American Expedition to Japan*; *Memoir of T. H. Perkins*; and *Medical and Surgical Miscellanies*; with book notices, complete the contents of this number.

SUMMER READING.—That there is a time for everything, is too old a saying to dispute; and true enough besides as regards reading, and the kinds of reading. To sit in a library alcove, to toast our feet on the bars of a grate, to lounge on a couch on a rainy day, to tip back our chair on the piazza of a country house, and to recline on a swarded bank, overhung by foliage, are things we rejoice to be doing when we read, and like the seasons, each is pleasant in its turn, and we would not choose either, if we could, for an habitual practice. Different books suit these different situations, inasmuch as they suit different frames of mind, and the state of our mental faculties prompts us to varying localities for modes of satisfying them.

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* will do for the alcove; some cheery tale for the fireside; let us have something substantial for the rainy day sofa, say a history or a treatise; for the piazza, something that we can break and repair the thread of easily, for these children with their battledores and hoops won't be quiet; but for the still, shady bank on the pond-side, or overlooking the meadow, give us some favorite poet, be it his verse, or the more irregular outpourings of his genius in his poetic prose; and he must be of the true sort, not at all didactic (think of reading Pope in such a place—even his pastorals! or Young, or Butler!). We want

the poet of the feelings, for attendant circumstances have made our minds consonant with humanity, and all men can understand the language of feelings.

These thoughts have been prompted by a beautiful little pocket volume, choicely gotten up—THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, *Poet-Laureate*. Complete in one volume. Boston. Ticknor & Fields, 1856. And we recommend—not his admirers, for they know too well—but any one who has a country nook to frequent, even if they never liked poetry before, to take this little gem along with them, and when they feel their whole being moved to sympathy by contacts with nature, to draw it from their pockets, and see if they can't experience the delightful raptures they have heard of from the more sensitive and poetic of their friends.

BEAUTY.—We note the present volume\*—a German novel in German life, religious in its tendency—for the purpose of making the following extract:

This evening our travellers arrived at Meiringen, and the next morning they stood before the falls of Reichenbachs, the beauty of which they much admired.

"Here it becomes very plain," said Theodore, "how beauty arises principally from form. What is there in a drop of water itself to gratify the sense of beauty? But when drops of water unite in a stream, it attracts the eye by its calm and clear flow, and when it plunges as here from rocks, so as to represent to the eye an animated play, full of form—a bravely leaping bow, a dance of foaming waves—then we see the full manifestation of beauty. Beauty is life; but life is in form—in the free, harmonious connection of the material."

"But do you not think," replied Otto, "that the beauty of this fall is increased by the purity of its waters? This splendid contrast between the blue water and the milk-white foam would disappear, if the water was turbid."

"You are right," answered Theodore; "let the material which the artist or poet selects be pure. Let him be able to attract us by the very nobleness and interest of his subject. A clear stream, or fountain, or lake like a mirror, is in itself attraction to the eye, though even here the form comes in to give a certain connection to the substance. What would any substance be which did not carry with it something of form?"

The spectators were particularly delighted with the rainbow, which arose amid the mist of the waterfall.

"It is strange that this most beautiful phenomenon should depend on an optical illusion. If I move a single step from my place, this appearance vanishes. We laugh at the boy who runs to the hill on which the rainbow seems to rest, in order to take hold of it, and does not find it there. Yet how natural to wish to realize and possess what pleases us."

"Is it not so with every beautiful thing?" returned Theodore. "Beauty is the most transitory thing upon earth; and yet as immortal as the spirit from which it blooms."

ALLSTON'S MONALDI. †

If we were to select a representation of art in America—art in its broadest sense—we should

\* Theodore; or the Skeptic's Conversion. Translated from the German of De Wette. By James T. Clarke. 2 vols. Boston. Munroe & Co., 1856.

† *Monaldi*: a Tale. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

"Who knows himself must needs in prophecy Too oft behold his own most sad reverse."

Boston. Ticknor and Fields. 1856.